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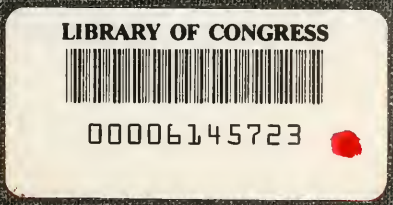
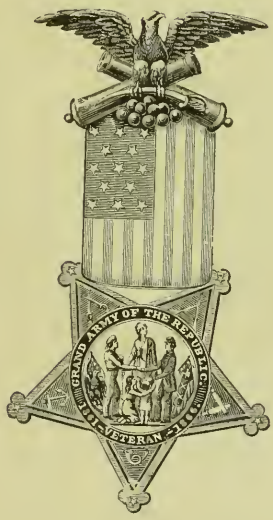


Memorial Sermon

ON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,



BEFORE

BUCKINGHAM POST, G. A. R.

BY W. W. CLARK, D. D.

Memorial Sermon

ON

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

DELIVERED BEFORE

BUCKINGHAM POST, G. A. R.

(DEPARTMENT OF CONNECTICUT.)

IN THE

NORWALK METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

Memorial Sunday, May 29th, 1887.

By W. W. CLARK, D. D.

William Warner Clark, D.D.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE GRAND ARMY.

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NOTE A.

The service began by singing the Doxology, and reading responsively the 46th Psalm. The Hymn 563, beginning

"Onward Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,"

was sung, and prayer was offered by Rev. Edward Anderson, Grand Army Chaplain for the State of Connecticut. After the Anthem and the Collection Hymn 567, beginning

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,"

was read by Rev. Charles E. Torrey, of the Baptist Church. After the sermon the service closed with the National Anthem.

NOTE B.

To rightly understand and appreciate some passages in the following sermon the reader must bear in mind that the preacher is a native of Canada, and was there during the Civil War and at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death. His view of the Great Rebellion was taken from a "Canadian Observatory."

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1865

Robert McGibbon, Printer,
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SERMON.

"*All Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah.*"
II Chron. 35: 24.

Events which touch us as individuals, and make us weep alone, are common; but events which touch us as a nation, and wed millions of hearts in the unity of tears, are of rare occurrence. Such an event happened to Judah when Josiah the King, smitten by an archer's arrow, was borne home to his palace to die in the prime of his manhood, the zenith of his hopes. The nation felt the blow from centre to circumference; "*and all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah; and all the singing men, and all the singing women spake of him in their lamentations.*"

A similar event occurred in this nation, when on the fifteenth day of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln, its Chief Executive, pierced through the brain by the bullet of an assassin, lingered through the night in unconsciousness and died at the coming of the morning. The nation felt the blow from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Sorrow reigned in every temple; there was a pensive sadness in the tone of the pulpit, a wail in the melody of the choir. Millions of loyal hearts mourned as if the first-born in every home had died. From city to city, in one vast funeral procession, the stricken nation fol-

lowed the bier of its "Mighty Dead" to his last resting place in Springfield.

The *world* was shocked! It was the greatest tragedy of modern times. It awoke in your behalf the sympathies of Christendom. Kingdoms, empires and colonies joined their lamentations with yours. Never before was England, never before was Canada, brought so near to this country. They wept with you at the grave of your fallen Chieftain. Their hearts tided toward yours. They could not help feeling that in the death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN they, too, had lost a brother and a friend. Canada never saw a darker day. Her churches were thronged with mourners; her stores were closed, her streets deserted. The brave Union Jack, that never quailed before a cannon, bowed his head and came down to half-mast. Strong men wept like children, and the hearts of the Canadian people, far and near, yearned over you in your unutterable grief. All the recriminations and misunderstandings of years were buried in a day; and I trust no combination of men or devils will ever be able to give them a resurrection.

A legend of Ancient Rome tells how MARCUS CURTIUS sacrificed himself for the good of his country. An earthquake had rent the city and left an immense chasm across the centre of the Forum. Every effort to fill the mighty breach was unavailing, and the city was smitten with consternation. The soothsayers declared that the horrid gap would remain open until Rome should throw into it that on which her greatness depended. While the people were wondering what this augury meant, Marcus Curtius, mounted on a war-horse, caparisoned for battle, appeared in the Forum, and declaring that Rome had nothing more indispensable to her greatness than a brave citizen fully accoutred for war, he boldly galloped into the yawning abyss. Then the earth closed, the chasm vanished, and Rome walked over the place in safety! Such is the mythical halo which legendary history has thrown around the name of Marcus Curtius.

But *modern* history has a *real* Marcus Curtius in the person of

Abraham Lincoln. When the earthquake of Civil War had convulsed this nation and severed the Old World from the New, he fell in the breach, and by his fall cemented the rent in a continent and closed up the chasm between two hemispheres!

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest,
> Acts the best."

Now I want to ask this double question: Why did the Jewish nation lament at the death of Josiah, and why did this nation weep at the fall of Lincoln? I answer, because of the incalculable loss which the nations sustained in the removal of their illustrious leaders.

To appreciate the greatness of the loss you must understand the greatness of their characters.

1. Josiah was a man of a *cultured mind.* He had an intellect, and he used it. He did not proudly imagine that his exalted position relieved him from the obligation or the necessity of mental toil. His mind was pushed forward in quest of the highest truth, and his brain was well stored with living thoughts.

In this respect our lamented Lincoln resembled the illustrious King of Judah. Nature had richly endowed him with a sturdy intellect, and this he educated with singular assiduity. I do not mean that he became versed in the musty relics of antiquity, or the learning of the schools, for this was not possible to a man in his circumstances. When I speak of his *education,* the word must define my meaning. It signifies a leading forth—a drawing out—a development,—not a mind infused with erudition, but a mind led forth to think—educed into practical and profitable activity. In this sense Mr. Lincoln was an educated man. And he acquired his education under most signal disadvantages. He was born in poverty, cradled in squalor, and grew up in privation. When he was seven years old the family removed to Indiana, and here he began his school

days. His Hoosier school-master describes his "coming to the old log school-house, attired in buckskin clothes, a raccoon-skin cap, and with an old arithmetic which had somewhere been found for him to begin his investigations into the higher branches."

But the pressure for help on the frontier farm was very great, and his father not perceiving the unpolished diamond hidden under the ungainly exterior of his son, soon took him from school and put him at steady work. His school days were over; all told they did not amount to more than a year. But his acquisition of knowledge did not end with his school days. In the intervals of his work on the farm, "he read, wrote and ciphered incessantly." His companion, John Hanks, says, "When Abe and I returned to the house from work, he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn-bread, take down a book, sit down, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read."

His reading was necessarily limited, for books at that time and place were among the rarest luxuries. The family library contained only five volumes,—the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, and a History of the United States. These five books,—among the best that could fall into the hands of a young man—he devoured with an insatiable voracity. He borrowed Ramsay's Life of Washington, and unguardedly left it in an open window where a shower of rain greatly damaged it. He carried the book to its owner in great grief, and offered to work three days to pay for it. His offer was accepted, and thus the volume became one of his own literary treasures.

After the family removed to Illinois and he began his clerkship in the little New Salem store, his mind was turned in the direction of English grammar, and learning the whereabouts of a stray "Kirkham," he set off to borrow it, and soon returned from a walk of twelve miles with the coveted volume. Subsequently he walked to Springfield to borrow a copy of "Blackstone," and on the return journey he committed *over forty* of its ponderous pages to *memory*.

Such was the mettle of the young man who afterwards rose to

eminence at the bar and in the political world. It was not the facilities of his school days, or the advantages of his student life that made him a success, but the pluck and push of his royal brain. Instead of succumbing to difficulties he conquered them, and overcame by a noble passion. He was one among a million. He was grandly unique. He stood amid his fellows like a mighty Himalayan mountain whose summit pierces the clouds.

> "Clear mind, kind mind, walled about with greatness,
> Conqueror, unconquerable over human ill;
> Theban, Collosus, sitting in sedateness,
> How art thou in majesty a mighty spirit still."

2. Again, Josiah was a man of a *tender heart.* We have the express declaration of Scripture that his "heart was tender." Sensibility of heart give life and power to intellect. Where sensibility and intellect are not in their due proportion the character is defective. Where the sensibility is stronger than the intellect, the man is likely to become a morbid ascetic, or a reckless fanatic. Where the intellect is stronger than the sensibility the man is likely to become a cold theorist, living in the frigid abstractions of his own brain. But where both are harmoniously combined, you have a man fit for great things;—a man whose counsels will tell alike on your understanding and your heart.

In our lamented Lincoln this requisite of sensibility seems to have been possessed in a proportionate degree, tempering all the powers of his manly intellect, and giving pathos to his vigorous thought. His massive countenance, beaming with benignity, told every observer that his nature was swayed by "the royal law of love."

One or two incidents during his presidency will illustrate this point. A personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, says, "I called on him one day in the early part of the war. He had just written a pardon for a young man who had been sentenced to be shot, for sleeping at his post, as a sentinel." Mr. Lincoln remarked as he read the pardon

to this friend; "I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that young man on my skirts." Then he added, "It is not to be wondered at that a boy, raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act" The dead body of that young man was afterwards found among the slain on the field of Fredericksburg, wearing next his heart a photograph of his merciful judge, under which the grateful fellow had written, "*God bless President Lincoln!*"

An officer of the army relates another incident in the following words:—"During the first week of my command there were twenty-four deserters sentenced by court-martial to be shot, and the warrants for their execution were sent to the President to be signed. He refused. I went to Washington and had an interview. I said, 'Mr. President, unless these men are made an example of, the army itself is in danger. Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many.' He replied, 'Mr. General, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake don't ask me to add to the number, for *I won't do it!*'"

A whole evening might be spent in relating such incidents. The woes which the war brought upon the people kept his sympathetic heart always bleeding. He was simple as a child, affectionate as a woman, and yet a man of stern principles and unswerving integrity in the discharge of his duty. If occasion required he could stand erect and shake his mane like an angry lion.

Josiah's tender heart, also, humbled him before the Lord in the day of his calamity; and Lincoln's tender heart did the same for him. When death entered the White House in 1862, and carried away his beautiful boy, Willie, he was overwhelmed with grief. But he sought the Lord in his sorrow and found comfort. A Christian lady, who was called in to nurse the sick one, says that Mr. Lincoln watched with her by the bedside, and would often walk the room, saying sadly, "This is the greatest trial of my life; why is it? Why is it?" In the course of conversation she told him that she was a

widow, that her husband and two children were in heaven; and added that she saw the hand of God in it all, and that she had never loved him so much as she had since her affliction. "How is that brought about?" inquired Mr. Lincoln. "Simply by trusting in God, and feeling that he doeth all things well," was the reply.

On the morning of the funeral, when she expressed her sympathy with him, he thanked her, and said, "I will try to go to God with my sorrows." A few days after she asked him if he could trust God. He replied, "I think I can, and I will try. I wish I had that childlike faith you speak of, and I trust he will give it to me." Then he spoke of his mother, whom so many years before he had laid to rest in the wilds of Indiana. "I remember her prayers," said he, "and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life."

On a subsequent occasion he asked this lady what constituted a true Christian experience. She replied, that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and personal need of a Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satisfactory evidence of his having been born again.

After a short pause Mr. Lincoln said, "if what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity, that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived until my boy, Willie, died without realizing fullythese great things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that great *change* of which you speak." This lady adds, as her judgment, "I do believe he was a true Christian, though he had very little confidence in himself."

In all the great emergencies of Mr. Lincoln's after years, his reliance on Divine guidance and assistance was extremely touching.

"I have been driven," he once said, "many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day."

On another occasion he said, "I should be the most presumptuous blockhead upon this footstool, if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this place, without the aid and enlightenment of One who is wiser and stronger than all others."

Dr. Holland, one of his biographers, says that he "was in the habit of spending an early hour each day in prayer." What a sight! The Chief Magistrate of a great nation taking his people every morning, as Moses took the Israelites, in the arms of faith and prayer, and carrying them to God!

> "And this was he who ruled a world of men
> As might some prophet of the elder day,—
> Brooding above the tempest and the fray
> With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
> A power was his beyond the touch of art
> Or armed strength: It was his *mighty heart.*"

3. Again, Josiah was a man of a *corrective spirit.* He sought to correct the evils of his day. He set himself to work with all his might to destroy idolatry, the consuming evil of his times. He threw his whole being into the task of pulling up and banishing this deadly upas from the land. It had well-nigh destroyed the glory, and was rapidly consuming the very vitals of the nation.

In like manner Abraham Lincoln set himself to work to check the *extension*, and afterwards to destroy the *existence* of American Slavery, the reigning evil of his day. For more than two hundred years slavery had stained the glory of this continent, and the slaveocracy of the South had dictated the laws of the nation until heaven could endure it no longer. Then the thunder-tread of the mightiest armies that ever shook the world reverberated across this continent

for four dreadful years, until the Star Spangled Banner emerged from its bloody baptism with the dark dishonor and villianous stain of slavery washed out forever!

But terrible was the price which this nation paid to break down and sweep away that gigantic system of wrong, and great was the red sea of tears and blood through which your families passed. Scarcely was there a home in which there was not one dead. Your noble Ship of State, with Lincoln at the helm, trembled and shook in the strong grasp of the angry billows. But her cargo of future citizens was precious in the sight of heaven; and when her noble pilot was stretched on her deck by the hand of a cowardly assassin, and her first-mate lay weltering in his berth, *Providence seized the helm and brought her safe to land!* Then the world-renowned Proclamation of the "Mighty Dĕad" was caught up and echoed over mountain and valley by a liberty-loving people, until from the tall pine-tops of Maine to the gates of the Golden West, the universal song of freedom was heard and the olive branch of peace was waved. Would God that "Father Abraham" had lived to enjoy the fruit of this grand consummation! But he rests from his labors and his works follow him.

"He had been born a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long suffering years—
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill report lived through—
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took them both with his unwavering mood;
But as he came on light from darkest days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
A felon hand, between that goal and him,
Reached from behind his head, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!"

Now the departure from the world of such cultured minds, tender hearts, and corrective spirits, as Josiah and Lincoln is an un-

calculable loss to the nations on which they shed the genial and hallowing rays of their exalted natures; and no wonder that Jew and Gentile mourned as they followed Prince and President to their last resting place.

I have thus far endeavored to carry out a comparison between Josiah and Lincoln. I wish now to notice one particular in which Lincoln differed from Josiah. He was not a king, but one of the people exalted by their franchise to the rulership of a sovereign nation. He did not come to his position by birth or inheritance without regard to his qualification, but was selected because of his well-known and tested ability in statecraft.

What is a King? A friend of mine, an Americanized-Englishman (Rev. W. B. Affleck), says, a King "is a costly sinecurist to his country, an idol for toadyists, an iconoclast of domestic virtues, an incarnation of human frailties, a blot on a page of history, an impediment to just legislation, a burden to mankind while alive, and an enigma to the Almighty to find him a special place when dead. Thank merciful heaven, then for raising up such men as Washington and his compeers to tell this country it would fare better without them. Have you ever thanked God for your numerous national benefactions? How can you contain the boundless joy which should ever overflow your souls that you can read your first century of history without your hearts being pained or cheeks being crimsoned? I often wonder if we foreigners ever feel sufficiently thankful to God and to your good people for mutually permitting us to emigrate to, live in, and become citizens of a republic which is immutable in duration and perennial in benefits. Ye who were born here, where your President can live and maintain his family on $50,000 a year, 'rejoice and be exceedingly glad;' but while doing so, do please spare an item of pity for those who were born in a small kingdom which annually appropriates $1,925,000 to its sovereign, and then has to pension each prince, princess, their husbands, their children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and their legion of cousins to the third and fourth generation, while the

hungry work-people are plaintively wailing forth, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'"

In this land consecrated to liberty and equality, there are no musty feudal institutions, arresting the triumphal march of enterprise; no cold shade of an aristocracy, monopolizing the offices of government and honor; no man claiming precedence and preference because he stands high on a pile of ancestral bones, or because the better part of him, like a potato hill, is under the ground. Every young man of brain, and energy, and principle, and pluck, may put in his claim to the highest post of honor and distinction in the land. Every young man belongs to the blood royal, and is a possible candidate for a mightier sceptre than was ever swayed by an Alexander or a Cæsar. All "are created equal," and all are free; but let us not use our "freedom for an occasion to the flesh." Let every patriot see to it that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, does not become *a government of the saloon, by the saloon, and for the saloon.* "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty."

I wish now to call your attention to three striking features in Mr. Lincoln's moral and mental manhood worthy of special note, namely, his noble character, his ready wit, and his effective oratory.

1. *His noble character.*—Our character is what we are; our reputation is what others think of us. Every man is the architect and builder of his own character. An eloquent writer says; "Our minds are given us, but our characters we make. Our mental powers must be cultivated. The full measure of all the powers necessary to make a man, is no more a character than a handfull of seed is an orchard of fruit. Plant the seeds and tend them well, and they will make an orchard. Cultivate the powers and harmonize them well, and they will make a noble character. The germ is not the tree; the acorn is not the oak; neither is the mind a character. God gives the mind, man makes the character. The mind is the garden, the character is the fruit; the mind is the white page, the character is the writing we put upon it; the mind is the metallic plate, the

character is our engraving thereon. The mind is the shop, the character is our profits on the trade. Large profits are made from quick sales and small percentages,—so great characters are made by many little acts and efforts. A good character is more precious than rubies, or gold, or crowns, or kingdoms; and the work of making it is the noblest labor on earth."

Mr. Lincoln planted and reared for himself a noble character. Dr. Holland says, "That, living among the roughest of rough men, many of whom were addicted to coarse vices, he never acquired a vice. There was no taint upon his moral character. No stimulant ever entered his lips, no profanity ever came forth from them, which defiled the man." His recent biographers in the current numbers of *The Century Magazine*, say, "His reverence for women was so deep and tender that he thought an injury to one of them was a sin too heinous to be expiated. No Hamlet, dreaming amid the turrets of Elsinore, no Sidney, creating a chivalrous Arcadia, was fuller of mystic and shadowy fancies of the worth and dignity of woman than this backwoods politician."

But the rearing of this noble character was not the work of a day, or a month, or a year. Noble characters are of slow growth. Mushrooms spring up in a night; so do "*Mush-heads*." But a noble character is the work of a life-time. It is the result of constant culture; it is the meed of patient toil; it is the reward of fidelity in the moral stewardship. In the store, at the bar, in the legislature, in the cabinet of the nation, through the exciting drama of the Civil War, and in all the relations of life, our hero carried with him a stainless character and an unshaken loyalty to duty.

After all there is nothing great in this world, but character. It is the verdict of the Eternal. The divine estimate of a man is not what riches, or honors, or distinctions he has, but what is his character! Character is *real worth;* and

"Worth makes the man."

2. *His ready wit.*—On this point I might talk for an hour, but I will only cite a few illustrations.

In one of his early political campaigns, after he had made his speech, a gentleman, who had recently built a new house and placed a lightning rod upon it, mounted the platform and said, "That young man must be taken down a little, and I am sorry the task devolves upon me." After he had finished his "taking down," Mr. Lincoln retorted: "The gentleman has alluded to my being a young man. I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians; but I would rather die now, than, like that gentleman, live to see the day that I would have to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

In another campaign he was accused of being an aristocrat; to which he replied: "An aristocrat, indeed! No, I am not an aristocrat; I am a poor boy, hired on a flat-boat at eight dollars a month, and have only one pair of breeches to my name, and they are buckskin; and if you know the nature of buckskin, you know that when wet and dried by the sun it shrinks; and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare between the tops of my socks and the lower parts of my breeches; and as I am growing taller they are becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they leave a blue streak around my legs, which can now be seen. If you call this aristocracy I plead guilty to the charge."

"Who shall judge a man by manners,
Who shall know him by his dress;
Paupers may be fit for princes—
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests can do no more."

A day or two after the unfortunate battle of Bull's Run, when the troops had fallen back on Arlington Heights, Mr. Lincoln drove out to the camp. His carriage, stopped in front of a Wisconsin regiment. "Well, boys," said Mr. Lincoln, "you think you got whipped, but I don't." The captain replied, "Uncle Abe, if you

will give us blue clothes, and better muskets, we can whip the devil." The President, quickly responded: "Well, captain, we don't want you to whip the devil, but his rebellious imps."

One more illustration of his ready wit: During his administration, Lord Lyons was British Minister at Washington. He was a batchelor. When he appeared before Mr. Lincoln on one occasion to announce the betrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, he said, "May it please your Excellency, I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present to your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency that her son, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with Her Royal Highness, the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark." Lord Lyons then presented the letter and awaited the answer. It came immediately, and was brief, scriptural, and exceedingly appropriate: "Lord Lyons, 'go thou and do likewise.'"

I turn now to my last point, namely:

3. *His effective oratory.*—At the bar, on the hustings, in the legislature, and on the platform, his speech was terse, pithy, sometimes poetic, but always emphatic, and generally carried conviction to the minds of impartial hearers. He could adapt himself to any and every occasion. He could be argumentative or rhetorical, humorous or pathetic, boisterous or sedate, as circumstances demanded. I might give you many illustrations of his oratory, but one must suffice. It shall be his address at the dedication of the soldier's cemetery on the field of Gettysburg. It is a gem of purest crystal.

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are come to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who here gave their

lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, or long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Marvellous man! What pathos in his words, what inspiration in his appeals! He could rouse the nation at his call. "He stamped upon the earth, and two millions of armed men leaped forward! He spoke to the sea, and the mightiest navy the world ever saw crowned every wave! He breathed into the air, and money and munitions rained upon the people!" At his bidding State after State wheeled into line, and marched southward, singing—

"We are coming, father Abraham, one hundred thousand strong!"

Marvellous man! Among many great men he was

"Greatest, yet with least pretense,
Foremost hearted of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are
In his simplicity sublime."

Marvellous man! An enfranchised race will forever hail him as their liberator, while a United Republic will forever own him as its saviour.

He rests from his labors. Green be the sod that covers the head, amaranthine the chaplets which a grateful people will wreath and place on the tomb ; highest in the niche of fame be the name inscribed, and embalmed, and enshrined forever in the holiest memories of the nation's heart—yea in its heart of hearts,—be the name of the renowned, matchless, and magnificent

ABRAHAM LINCOLN!

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